

Million-Dollar 471

Chapter 471

Kenneth swallowed hard, quickening his pace to catch up with Percival.

"Bro, what the heck is going on? Isn't our home security top-notch? How could someone leave this on our doorstep? Should I tell Grandpa?"

Percival suddenly stopped in his tracks, causing Kenneth to crash into his broad shoulders. His nose stung, and tears streamed down his face without warning.

Rubbing his nose, Kenneth muttered, "Bro, what was that for?"

"Aren't you supposed to be at practice today?" Percival asked, his tone indifferent.

"Aw, crap!" Kenneth nearly forgot. Reminded by Percival, he hurriedly changed into his gear, grabbed his backpack, and dashed off.

Finally, Percival had some peace and quiet. He sat back on his bed, contemplating the gorgeous weather outside. It would be a shame not to go out and enjoy it.

[Vivienne, let's go out on a date!] He texted.

Vivienne had just woken up. Seeing the message on her phone, she chuckled and replied, [Suspended and still in the mood for fun?]

[Yeah, a rare break from the grind.]

Stretching lazily, Vivienne sat up, about to agree, when another message came through.

It was a top-secret code.

Her fingers flew over the screen, deciphering the message. It was Quincy!

After all her time undercover at GTO, this was her first direct communication.

[The boss is back; orders are to hit the Miller family!]

Vivienne narrowed her eyes. GTO had set their sights on the Miller family?

Or did they think the Millers were holding Belle?

The Miller family had always been under the protection of the Nine Mystics Society. It was not surprising that GTO had caught wind of them. They did not deserve to have lasted this long if they could not even sniff out that much.

But that was all they would find.

[Mr. Wolf, it looks like our date is off.] Vivienne texted back.

Percival sighed and replied, [Alright, then it's an adventure we'll go on.]

Vivienne smiled, notified Matthew to gather a few of the guys nearby, and then set the rendezvous at Elite University.

If GTO aimed to find Belle through the Miller family, Aaron would be the first target. He was the Millers' heir apparent and Mark's Achilles' heel.

Kidnapping Aaron would be the most effective, most swift move.

At Elite University, Anna got Vivienne's message and approached Aaron.

"Aaron, about the group project announced by the professor, let's partner up," Anna said, her hair neatly tied in a ponytail, sporting jeans and a white shirt – a bit of Vivienne's style was there.

Aaron blinked, taking a moment to recognize Anna, the most inconspicuous girl in class, the one who had ridden in Vivienne's car.

Before Aaron could respond, some guys nearby started to tease, "This is the first time I've heard that mu... Anna talk to anyone. You're a lucky guy, Aaron."

The student meant to say she was as quiet as a mute but thought better of it and corrected himself.

Anna glanced at them coolly, offering no explanation.

Aaron gave the guys a stern look. Owing to Vivienne's sake, he did not decline.

He had meant to ask Anna about her relationship with Vivienne, but she always disappeared after class, as if she did not exist. He had nearly forgotten about her.

"Alright, let's team up. We can talk at the cafe," Aaron said, picking up his backpack and walking alongside Anna.

Both ignored the knowing smirks of the others.

The cafe at Elite University, an open library space, was more conducive to discussion than the main library.

Aaron ordered two lattes. "Is this okay for you?"

"Yeah," Anna replied, taking out her books. "Just share your ideas. I'll follow your lead, and we'll nail this group project."

Her main task, though, as assigned by Vivienne, was to protect Aaron.

Aaron noticed Anna's eyes, behind her thick-framed glasses, scanning outside like a vigilant panther ready to pounce.

Aaron was smart; sitting beside Anna, he pretended to study but whispered, "Vivienne sent you, didn't

she?"

Anna lifted her eyes slightly, neither confirming nor denying.

That was enough for Aaron.

His heart raced with excitement. "What does Vivienne want you to do?"

He had not heard from Vivienne since their last encounter, and his messages had been met with scarce and terse replies, if any.

He wanted to reach out but did not know how to approach Vivienne and was afraid of intruding on her life.

Anna lowered her gaze, tapping the book on the table, saying, "She wants you to focus on your studies!"

Why did he have to talk so much?

"I know about Vivienne's world. If there's a mission, I can..."

Anna clenched her fists. "Shut up!"

Aaron wisely closed his mouth, realizing he had said too much.

But with Vivienne involved, he could not help but get worked up. His excitement soon subsided under

Anna's subtle ire.

They discussed the group project when suddenly, a shadow fell across the window in front of them.

They both looked up, Anna's pen poised to strike.

But the sight nearly took their breath away.

Kenneth's face was plastered against the glass, eyes fixed on Aaron.

Aaron cursed under his breath. "Are you out of your freaking mind?"

"Aaron, you got a girlfriend?"

"What the hell are you doing here?" Aaron snapped, annoyed at the intrusion.

Anna's guard was down, and she settled into a semblance of peace.

Aaron was aware of the impending match; Bennett had filled him in long ago, so he paid little mind to

Kenneth's ramblings.

But Kenneth, restless and bored, blurted out, "Hey, how about I treat you guys to dinner? Better than just sitting around here doing nothing."

"No, thanks."

"Come on! I offer a free meal, and you make a fuss?" Kenneth complained, pulling Aaron to his feet.

His real motive was to fish for info on Vivienne's coaching strategy. He could have asked outright, but

pride got in the way. Updated at Dramanovels.com

Unable to match Kenneth's strength, Aaron gave in, and Anna, aware of Kenneth's reputation, realized

she could not just throw a punch. Reluctantly, she followed.

She discreetly sent Vivienne a message with the location of their dinner.

[Got a tail?] Vivienne texted back.

[All clear.] Anna replied.

Meanwhile, behind Kenneth's car, a silent motorcycle followed, unnoticed by all.

Even Anna, in the car, was oblivious to the lurking presence.

Kenneth had just pulled up to the restaurant and was about to unbuckle his seat belt when the

passenger-side window shattered with a loud pop!

"Damn it!" Kenneth cursed. "This is my brother's new gift to me. Who the hell is smashing my car?"

As he was about to step out, Anna forcefully held him back in his seat, "Drive!"

"How the hell am I supposed to drive?" Kenneth was flabbergasted, taken aback by the unexpected

strength of this young woman.

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Before Anna could even speak, she saw a motorcycle racing towards them from behind, the rider wielding a baseball bat. As it closed in, the bat smashed against the rear car window with a vicious swing.

Anna shielded herself with her arm and yelled, "Hit the gas, now!"

Kenneth snapped to attention and floored the accelerator, speeding forward.

The car was a top-of-the-line sports model, yet to their astonishment, the motorcycle clung to their tail, relentlessly hammering at the window.

Although Aaron had learned a bit of self-defense from Mark, he was no match for actual combat. He could only huddle behind his school bag, yelling at Kenneth, "Can't you go any faster?!"

"This is as fast as she goes, dammit!" Kenneth was more terrified of the glass shards flying towards them than anything else; they could ruin his good looks!

Anna tried to open the door to fight back, but it was so badly bent it would not budge.

With a powerful kick, she shattered the car door window, steadied herself by grabbing the grab handle,

and leaned out. Her lithe body delivered a kick that sent the pursuing motorcyclist tumbling into the roadside greenery, bike and all.

Kenneth was dumbstruck for a moment. "You could've just told me to retract the roof; this is a convertible!"

Anna's lips twitched with irritation, unable to comprehend how their team leader could have such an idiotic brother.

Aaron cursed and said, "Well, aren't you going to open it now?"

"Forget it," Anna said, leaning forward to push Kenneth's head to the side while she grabbed the steering wheel. "Just drive!"

Kenneth, reacting instinctively, slammed on the gas, and Anna executed a smooth right-hand drift.

They had just rounded the corner when they heard the sound of another motorcycle crashing at the bend they'd left, with someone on the ground.

"Damn, how many more are there?" Kenneth had not even seen the other motorcycle in pursuit.

Anna, too annoyed to reply, turned to Aaron. "Send Ms. Vivienne our location!"

Aaron quickly took out his phone and called Vivienne, informing her of their situation and location.

The line was as chaotic as their own surroundings. "Handle it yourselves. Meet at the foot of Heaven's

Gate Mountain in 6 miles!" Vivienne hung up without another word.

Heaven's Gate Mountain was a landmark in Rivenwood, situated well beyond the city's outer ring.

And that was precisely where she was headed now.

"Vivienne, take a left and pick me up," Percival commanded as he opened her car door and nimbly hopped out.

Knowing exactly what to do, Vivienne spun the steering wheel sharply to the left, skidding the car around to stop right beside Percival.

By then, Percival had already kicked two pursuers off their motorcycles and climbed into the car.

There was a brief silence. Gripping the handle tightly, Percival's face was dark with anger.

No gun. It was a terrible feeling.

He had been suspended from duty, his gun and badge confiscated. Faced with this sudden attack, there was no time to notify the Vanguard Agency.

He finally got a moment to call Thomas, instructing him to rendezvous at Heaven's Gate Mountain

without bringing any team members.

Vivienne glanced at the wreckage of several motorcycles behind them.

Just ten minutes earlier, on their way to meet Anna, several motorcycles had suddenly appeared, riders

brandishing bats and charging at them.

This had been a premeditated ambush, not a tail. Otherwise, neither she nor Percival would have

missed it.

The real question was how these ambushers knew where to find them, especially when she had only

learned of the location herself at the last minute.

Vivienne's piercing gaze flashed with icy determination.

There was a traitor within the Nine Mystics Society!

Only a handful of people knew her real-time whereabouts: Anna, Matthew, and the man she had

summoned near.

After their last botched operation at Eastlake Bay, she had suspected a leak.

At first, she thought it might be someone from the Vanguard Agency, but now it seemed like the Nine

Mystics Society had its own share of trouble.

The Nine Mystics Society was her creation; she had never anticipated betrayal!

She had trusted every member of the Nine Mystics Society implicitly. Who could it be?

Matthew's call came in just then, and the sound of an explosion was audible on the other end.

"Vivienne, we've been ambushed. Several are hurt. How's your situation?"

"Take care of yourself."

"Alright. I've sent Master Miller to your location. I'll handle this mess and head over."

After hanging up, Vivienne tossed her phone to Percival. "Matthew's in trouble, too."

Percival opened the phone and located Quincy's secure contact details.

Quincy responded quickly. [No idea. I was following the real-time location, too.]

Percival was certain there were no trackers on him or Vivienne, and their phones were not bugged.

That meant the leak had to be with Anna's group.

He immediately messaged Anna, [Turn off all communication devices!]

He followed up with a string of codes, intelligible only to Anna.

Upon receiving the message, Anna instructed Aaron and Kenneth to shut off their phones and then

pulled up a location on the car's navigation system. "Head here."

Kenneth was bewildered, utterly confused by what was happening.

"I thought we were headed to Heaven's Gate Mountain!"

Aaron and Anna snapped in unison, "Just go where you're told!"

Rubbing his head in confusion, Kenneth stopped asking questions.

For the rest of the journey, Anna fended off their pursuers, but the road eventually cleared.

She slumped into the back seat, breathing raggedly in the cramped space.

It was only then that Kenneth found the chance to ask, "Who are these people after? Us or you?"

"I haven't got a clue," she admitted.

Kenneth glanced in the rear-view mirror, and his heart skipped a beat, nearly causing him to swerve off

the road! New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Aaron, gripping the handle, asked, "Are you sure you've got this?"

Kenneth refocused on the road, "Sure, I've got this. Totally got this!"

The 'totally got this' Kenneth finally managed to steer their car to the designated rendezvous point half

an hour later.

Back at Heaven's Gate Mountain, the aroma of a barbecue street fair wafted through the air.

Vivienne and Percival had arrived twenty-five minutes earlier and were already indulging in their fair share of grilled delights.

Anna's face was a mask of exasperation upon witnessing the scene.

She had imagined that Vivienne and Percival would at least be catching their breath, if not as disheveled as she was.

Instead, the pair seemed utterly unaffected by the day's events, happily snacking away!

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Anna was ravenous, a side effect of the adrenaline rush from exertions earlier. She grabbed a stick of lamb kebab and devoured it with gusto.

On the other hand, Aaron felt queasy and crouched to the side, trying to catch his breath.

And then there was Kenneth. The guy who seemed invincible in the car was now hugging a tree and retching his guts out.

Drifting was cool, sure, but it came with consequences.

After Kenneth's stomach had settled, Mark and Thomas, the last to hear the news, showed up.

"You okay, Aaron?" Mark was the first to check on Aaron, and concern filled his eyes.

Slightly irked yet not wanting to make a scene with an audience, Aaron subtly withdrew his hand. "I'm fine, really."

Seeing Aaron was indeed alright, Mark relaxed.

Mark didn't call out to the young master when he spotted Percival. Instead, he addressed Vivienne,

"Vivienne, thanks for letting me know about Aaron."

"No big deal." Vivienne continued munching on her kebab, her eyes briefly sizing Mark up before looking away.

Suddenly, Mark's phone rang. His expression darkened. "Got it, I'll be there."

Aaron caught the urgency in Mark's voice and asked, "What's up?"

"Some of our warehouses caught fire. I need to check it out." Mark glanced at Vivienne, who nodded silently, and he took off.

Percival handed Vivienne another kebab, a faint smile playing at the corners of his eyes.

"Tasty, but a bit charred," Vivienne commented, flicking the kebab with such finesse that it spun through the air and landed perfectly in a nearby trash can.

Even the most delicious food and the most valuable people become disposable with a single flaw.

Kenneth choked on his water at the sight, spraying a mist that caught Aaron full in the face.

"Kenneth, what's wrong with you?"

"It's not like I did it on purpose!" Kenneth wiped his mouth, incredulous at Vivienne's nonchalance.

Vivienne stood, brushing off her hands. "Aaron, stick with Anna for the next few days. If anything comes up, call..."

"Call me. Vivienne is busy with her fashion designs and won't have time," Percival interjected, wrapping an arm around Vivienne's waist.

Vivienne shot him a sidelong glance. Was he really being jealous now?

Percival would say, "Jealous? Me? Never!"

Aaron clenched his teeth, knowing he had no ground to stand on, and cursed Percival silently.

"Got it, Vivienne," Aaron replied curtly.

Vivienne didn't linger on the matter. After all, Percival was currently without a job—a perfect candidate to handle calls.

When Thomas arrived with two new cars from the Ellington Group, he said, "Percival, I'll take you and Ma'am home."

Anna took the driver's seat of another car. "I'm taking Aaron back to Elite University."

Kenneth hurriedly joined them. "I've got to get back too. This is my ride!"

Anna rolled her eyes; she hadn't planned to leave him behind to begin with.

The trio drove off, with Kenneth still puzzled over the day's events and their unknown assailants.

It all seemed so unreal.

Meanwhile, Vivienne received messages from Matthew and Quincy.

Matthew: [Vivienne, multiple Miller family warehouses have been destroyed. They were decoys for

Belle's holding place. The enemy's pushing for the real location.]

Quincy: [The motorcycle wasn't mine. After finishing the job, I got orders to tail Aaron!]

With this information, Vivienne could guess GTO's motives—to force Mark into giving them what they wanted.

Vivienne curled her lips in amusement. "Mr. Wolf, how's it going on your end?"

Percival glanced at Thomas, who looked glum at the wheel. "Thomas has been suspended."

"That was quick." Vivienne nodded. "You guys at Vanguard Agency really don't waste any time."

Thomas sighed, "Ma'am, no jokes, please."

His suspension was for a ludicrous reason—leaving his post and carrying his service weapon to meet

Percival, supposedly creating a public safety threat.

Now, Percival was not only restricted from acting on his own but also from contacting his colleagues,

Leopold and Soren.

Their superiors were clearly trying to isolate Percival, forcing him to give up Belle.

The pressure from both sides had driven Vivienne and Percival to a rather dire situation.

Vivienne yawned, still sleepy from waking up too early. She leaned against Percival lazily, saying, "Mr.

Wolf, let's just go on a date."

Percival nodded approvingly. "Yeah, great idea."

Thomas glanced at them through the rear-view mirror, incredulous.

With the situation so dire, they were planning a date?

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Back at Vanguard Agency, Micah summoned Leopold to his office.

"Vivienne is your senior?" Micah inquired.

Micah furrowed his brow. "She's Karen's daughter."

This time, it was a statement, seemingly just a warning to the ever-chatty Leopold.

Leopold thumped his chest confidently. "Boss, I swear, Vivienne is even more badass than the old captain. She's seriously amazing, like a goddess to us. You just haven't seen her in action, man. If you had..." Content belongs to Drąmanovels.com

"Where's Belle?"

Leopold finally clamped his mouth shut, taking a long pause before responding, "Boss, her name is Vivienne!"

"I know that. I'm asking you, where's Belle?" Micah's brow creased further as he spoke in a low tone,

"For Vivienne's sake, have her bring me the person I'm looking for."

Scratching his head in confusion, Leopold looked at Micah, perplexed, "Boss, what are you talking about?"

Micah took a deep breath, then spoke again after a moment, "If not Vivienne, what about Griffin? You

can handle that, right?"

At the mention of Griffin, Leopold clutched at his chest dramatically, "Boss, you can't ask me to sacrifice my body!"

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Micah had reached his boiling point. With a swift motion that spoke volumes of his vexation, he

grabbed the folder from the table and brought it crashing down on Leopold's head. "Damn it, Leopold,

I'm just asking you to deliver a message to her!"

Rubbing his sore head, Leopold mumbled, "Alright, what's the message?"

"Tell her that the head office is interested in striking a deal with her about the new explosives project..."

"Impossible!" Leopold cut him off. "That's Vivienne's cash cow. You might as well fire me. Vivienne's in it for the money. If I cross her by messing with her income, I'm as good as dead."

Trying to maintain his composure, Micah spoke softly, "You're just the messenger. Whether Griffin agrees or not is up to her. The higher-ups can't locate her, so they can't reach out directly."

"But still, no can do, boss. I'm begging you, don't make me be the one to tell her. I'd walk through fire or climb a mountain for you, but crossing Vivienne? No way. Please, have a heart!" Leopold pleaded, his

hands clasped together in earnest supplication.

Micah was at a loss for words at the pitiful sight. He waved his hand dismissively. "Get out of my sight."

"Sure thing!" Leopold's face lit up with relief. He backed out of the office with a wide grin, even

thoughtfully closing the door behind him.

But the smile vanished without a trace no sooner had he stepped outside.

Leopold cast a long look at the plaque on Micah's office door that read 'Deputy Director.' His expression

grew even more somber.

Pulling out a phone he exclusively used to contact other disciples, he sent a message to Vivienne that

read, [Griffin, Belle.]

Meanwhile, Vivienne was savoring a roasted pork knuckle when her smartwatch buzzed with the

incoming message. A sly smile crossed her lips.

As expected, their interest was not just in Belle.

Back in the office, Micah took out a brand-new phone and made a call.

"Yeah, no news yet. Alright, got it."

He ended the call, and pocketed it. A heavy sigh escaped him, his eyes clouded with an unreadable

darkness.

...

At the Ellington Mansion.

Flynn was shaken when he heard about Kenneth's car accident and promptly confiscated his keys.

"It's too dangerous. You're not allowed to drive anymore. I'll get you a chauffeur."

Kenneth protested, "It was an accident. And it wasn't me who wanted to crash; they hit me."

"That doesn't matter."

"Aunt Imogen, look at Uncle Flynn," Kenneth appealed to his aunt for support.

Engrossed in her tablet and sketching dress designs, Imogen shot Flynn an admonishing look. "Flynn,

Kenneth's an adult. And the DMV said it was the motorcycle gang's fault for breaking the rules first.

Besides, Kenneth needs to travel between the team and Elite University. It would be so inconvenient

without a car."

"Exactly, Flynn!" Kenneth mimicked Imogen's tone.

Imogen blushed. "Mock me again, and I won't help you."

Flynn reluctantly returned the keys to Kenneth, reminding him, "Just be careful when you drive. Go talk to your grandfather; he was scared half to death by the news."

"Okay." Kenneth pocketed his keys, thinking about the inconvenience of having a chauffeur during his trips to Elite University.

Watching Kenneth's retreating figure, Flynn shook his head, "This kid, nothing like Percival when he was younger."

"Percival's not exactly old now, you know?" Imogen pinched Flynn's nose playfully, tapping his cheek.

"And neither are you."

Flynn captured her hand, squeezing her palm teasingly. "Thinking of mischief again, are we?"

Imogen giggled coyly, leaning into Flynn's embrace, her eyes full of affection.

Percival and Vivienne walked in on this intimate scene and quickly stepped back, a bit embarrassed.

Percival laughed. "Are we interrupting?"

"Don't be silly." Flynn's face flushed as he rose to greet Percival, "Your Aunt Imogen has something to discuss with Vivienne. Let's go to the study and talk about some business matters."

Vivienne naturally sat beside Imogen, focusing intently on the dress designs.

The Ellington Group owned a high-end fashion brand—DAO.

Flynn had recently returned to oversee this division, and Imogen was poised to lend her expertise.

The designs she was working on were intended for the next season's launch, all men's wear.

"Looks good. The designs are simple, but the choice of fabric will be crucial." Vivienne observed,

nodding appreciatively.

Imogen agreed and, remembering that DAO's Asia-Pacific spokesperson had just terminated their

contract, she asked, "Vivienne, I'm not too familiar with local celebrities since I just got back. Flynn is

looking for two male celebrities to represent the Asia-Pacific region. Do you follow any stars?"

Vivienne was no star-chaser; she was just the unassuming boss of a superstar - Stephen.

"What are the specifics you're looking for?" Vivienne inquired.

Vivienne nodded. Stephen would be perfect. But someone who had chemistry with Stephen and model

experience was a bit rarer.

Suddenly, Vivienne thought of a cheeky face that had escaped Emerald Monastery and later offered to

gift her an entire photo album—Darren!

Indeed, he and Stephen were two distinct styles.

One was a charming nobleman leaving a trail of broken hearts, the other a naive youth.

Clashing together, they might just spark something extraordinary.

"I have some candidates in mind. Can they come in for an interview at the company tomorrow?"

Vivienne asked.

Imogen nodded thoughtfully. "No need to rush. Shouldn't we at least give their agents or teams a call?"

"No need," Vivienne dismissed with a wave, confident in her authority to make the call.

That very night, Vivienne texted both Stephen and Darren to relay the news. Content of

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Word had gotten around Ellington Group that two male celebrities would be coming in for auditions, but

no one anticipated it would be them!

The Ellington Group, despite its clout, could not usually secure an appointment with stars of their

caliber without at least a three-day notice.

Flynn glanced at Percival. "Your Vivienne, she's something else."

"Of course," Percival nodded with a knowing smile.

Flynn could not shake off the feeling that his nephew's eyes were mocking him with a "haven't you ever seen a star?" kind of vibe.

The Ellington Group did not take long to seal the deal with Stephen and Darren. They managed to get their promotional shots done that same day.

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Darren's sudden rise to stardom was like a stroke of luck for the whole Brooks family, casting a serendipitous glow on each of them.

Quick to capitalize on the momentum, Rainbow Entertainment snatched up Darren's management contract, securing their chance to build the brotherly brand alongside Stephen, the other half of the dynamic duo.

The PR team, sharp as ever, revealed Darren's relationship with Kala, quashing the persistent online rumors that the Brooks family was cursed with bad luck.

As a result, the Brooks family's business ventures flourished.

Still, Melissa could not shake a weight on her heart.

Since Scott was taken away, the Brooks family had never reached out to Vivienne. Though Melissa's

heart ached for the girl, she could not find the proper excuse to see her.

To Melissa, Vivienne was family. Despite the lack of blood ties, Vivienne was the daughter of her dearest friend. The thought of severing that connection was unbearable.

Melissa had heard from Kala about Vivienne's secret support for the Brooks family. She knew Vivienne was not cold-hearted; she would repay kindness tenfold.

The reason Melissa hesitated to contact Vivienne, unlike Kala and others, was guilt.

The Brooks family had never treated Karen well, and now her daughter suffered the same fate. How could Melissa not feel remorse?

Now that Vivienne had helped Darren become an overnight sensation, Melissa could no longer hold back. She decided it was time to reach out.

Gathering her children, including Kala, who was on set, she initiated a video call and laid out her plan.

"I want to invite Vivienne for dinner, and you all need to be there. Treat her like your own sister. Got it?"

Melissa was not just planning a dinner; she wanted her children and the adults to strengthen ties with Vivienne and avoid leaving her in the cold. If Vivienne ever faced trouble at the hands of Percival, the Brooks family would have her back.

Kala and her siblings had no objections, and Darren certainly could not miss it. After all, he still had the parrot.

Only Ashley seemed perplexed. "Mom, Vivienne has brought nothing but trouble to our family, and you still want to think about her? She's like a jinx; nothing good happens when she's around!"

"Ashley!" Melissa snapped, her brow furrowing in anger. "Think about it. Who really brought our family to this point – Vivienne or the older generation's misdeeds?"

Ashley, mouth agape, could not find the words to argue. Deep down, she knew that both Judith and Scott had only been exposed by Vivienne because they had committed crimes. The family's downfall was not Vivienne's fault.

But why did Vivienne have to be so harsh about it? Could she not have handled things more gently instead of turning the Brooks family into a public spectacle?

Due to the scandal, Kala had been bullied in the industry, Darren had missed out on opportunities to shine, and Ashley herself could not even hold her head up at school. Furthermore, Charlotte Redwood had taken over her spot as the student representative at the last school anniversary – all because of

Vivienne.

Ashley could not forgive Vivienne, no matter what.

Seeing no further objections, Melissa made her decision. "Carl, your father is away on business, but you need to be there. You'll be representing both your parents, do you understand?"

Carl nodded, glancing at his watch. "Aunt Melissa, if we're done here, I need to head out. There's urgent business at the office."

"Go on, then."

As Carl rushed out and Kala ended the call, Darren hurried off to an appointment, leaving Ashley and Melissa alone in the living room.

Melissa turned to her daughter, pleading, "Ashley, you're young and don't yet see how Vivienne's actions have ultimately benefited the Brooks family. When you grow up, you'll understand that without her, not just our family but even the Edwards could have been dragged down."

Melissa's husband, Vance Edwards, worked abroad on confidential national matters, and Ashley, though unclear on the specifics, knew her father's position was too sensitive to be compromised.

Despite understanding the gravity of the situation, Ashley remained stubbornly unforgiving towards

Vivienne.

Seeing Ashley's sullen face, Carl tried to lighten the mood. "If you agree to go this time, I'll let you join me as my navigator at next week's racing event."

Ashley had long begged Carl to take her to a race, eager for the thrill. He had always refused, citing her age, but now he offered a golden ticket.

Her mood instantly lifted. "Fine, I'll go to the dinner. Happy now?"

Melissa exhaled in relief. "Just don't give anyone a cold shoulder at the table, alright?"

After finishing her piece, Melissa stood up and made her way back to her room, pulling her phone from the pocket of her worn-out jeans. With a few swipes and taps, she dialed Vivienne's number.

The call was unexpected for Vivienne. "Aunt Melissa, what's up?"

Hearing the affectionate 'Aunt Melissa,' Melissa's emotional dam broke, and tears began to stream down her cheeks.

Vivienne was taken aback. "What's wrong?"

"We've got time," Vivienne replied without hesitation.

The truth was, Darren could not keep a secret to save his life; he had spilled the beans right after their family video conference.

"Sure, we'll be there on the dot."

After hanging up, Vivienne let out a slow breath, a subtle smile on her lips. Her heart felt warm.

But she could not help but wonder, aside from Aunt Melissa, how many others were actually looking forward to her return. Content of Dramanovels.com

Soon after, Vivienne and Percival walked in, their arms laden with thoughtfully selected gifts for everyone.

"Vivienne, you shouldn't have," Melissa protested as she enveloped Vivienne's hand with a warm, welcoming grasp.

Vivienne did not pull away, saying, "Mr. Wolf insisted."

Percival chuckled. "It's the least I could do."

The stage was set for a joyful reunion, but Ashley, detached and brooding in her corner, could not resist sniping, "Hypocrites."

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The air turned chilly instantly, and Melissa's expression darkened as she shot her daughter a sharp

look. "Ashley, what are you talking about?"

Ashley, one earbud dangling, gave Vivienne a defiant glance. "I'm gaming here, and besides, whatever

I say shouldn't bother you, right? You're so generous, aren't you?"

Vivienne's eyes darkened. "I don't waste my time arguing with idiots."

"Who are you calling an idiot?" Ashley snapped, flinging her headphones aside as she glared at

Vivienne.

Percival stepped in front of Vivienne, his gaze heavy upon Ashley. "Whoever takes offense is who

Vivienne calls an idiot. Got a problem with that, Ms. Ashley?"

Still somewhat resentful towards Percival, Ashley pursed her lips and sat down with a cold huff.

Melissa rushed to soothe Vivienne. "Don't mind her, Vivienne. I've spoiled Ashley rotten."

Vivienne shook her head. For Melissa's sake, she could endure a little.

Percival handed out gifts to everyone, and when he reached Carl, the man shouted in surprise. "Is this

the latest racing helmet? I've been on the waiting list for six months, and still nothing, and you just

snagged two!"

While not overly expensive, it was the perfect gift for a professional racer.

"If you like it, that's what matters," Percival said with a smile, sitting beside Vivienne.

Vivienne then pulled out a set of jewelry for Melissa, a final masterpiece by the acclaimed designer

Master Jessica, priceless and unobtainable.

Melissa gasped, "Vivienne, this is far too precious. I can't accept it!"

Vivienne's identity as Master Jessica was not widely known yet, so Melissa did not grasp the

significance of the gift. However, she was aware of the buzz Master Jessica's final creation had made online.

"It's not that precious. Please, take it," Vivienne insisted, having plucked it from her collection without a second thought.

Melissa held the jewelry lovingly, reluctant to accept it, knowing Vivienne's earnings did not come easy.

In a whisper, she suggested to Vivienne, "Such a fine piece should be a gift for Mrs. Ellington,

Percival's mother. She'd appreciate it, and it seems a waste to give it to me."

Vivienne knew Melissa was hinting at improving her relationship with Percival's mother, but it really was not necessary—a simple bottle of perfume would do.

"It's not a waste. It's for you."

"Yeah, come on, Mom. Vivienne's giving you a gift, and you're refusing? That's like a slap in her face.

Besides, did she take less from us, the Brooks family? Remember the set Grandma gave her? Just as valuable."

Ashley could not help but add sarcastically, still envious of the bracelets Judith had given Vivienne.

Yet those valuable bracelets could not avoid Vivienne's eventual betrayal of her grandmother!

The mood turned frosty again until Kala could no longer hold back. "Ashley, if you can't stand being here, just leave. No one wants you around!"

Darren also tried to calm his sister. "Just be quiet, will you?"

"Vivienne could cripple you in a heartbeat. Don't ask for it!" He thought.

Seeing her brother, Darren, side with Vivienne made Ashley even more bitter. She lashed out, pushing him away. "You two are like weeds swaying with the wind, siding with whoever treats you well. Who was it just a while ago complaining to me about Vivienne being heartless? It was you!"

Kala, reminded of her past statements, could not deny the accusation.

Darren was even more silent. Indeed, he had muttered a slight complaint, but he truly harbored no real animosity toward Vivienne.

Ashley, seeing no one responding, continued. "Now that she's helped you, you're all grateful. Well, I'll never forgive Vivienne. Because of her, the Brooks family is in shambles!"

With that, she hurled Melissa's jewelry to the floor and tossed Carl's helmet aside before storming out.

Melissa scolded, "What's gotten into that child? Don't be angry, Vivienne. She's just spouting nonsense."

Ronald quickly added, "Yes, Vivienne, please don't be offended. I'll deal with Ashley."

Before Vivienne could respond, shouts erupted from outside.

"Ashley, are you blind? You nearly killed me!" The owner of this voice was very similar.

Everyone rushed out to see what had happened to Ashley, with Vivienne and Percival following behind.

"Charlotte, you're the one who's blind!"

Out in the hall, Ashley was holding her head and berating someone.

Standing opposite her were Charlotte and Griffin.

Charlotte was about to retort when she caught sight of Vivienne and rushed over, enveloping her in an

ecstatic hug. "Vivienne, I've missed you like crazy!"

Caught in the embrace, Vivienne could only think, "Can we not do this, please?"

Percival pulled Charlotte off Vivienne with a possessive air, declaring, "Only I get to hug my Vivienne!"

Charlotte rolled her eyes. "Jeez, stingy much?"

Vivienne caught Charlotte in her arms, "What brings you here?"

Previously, Charlotte had been tutoring Thaddeus, which seemed to have done wonders for his mood; the kid was getting quite bold.

But then the Brooks family drama kicked up a storm, and Vivienne had to step in to sort out their mess, so she told Charlotte her tutoring services were no longer needed.

Lately, Vivienne had been swamped. Charlotte had called a few times, wanting to catch up over lunch, but Vivienne had to turn her down.

Vivienne had not expected to bump into Charlotte today, of all days.

"It's not just me. Faye's supposed to be here, too. She couldn't make it today because she had classes.

If she'd known she'd run into you, she'd have skipped classes in a heartbeat!" Charlotte beamed.

"I heard all about you from Griffin. You're the senior of her stubborn jackass fiancé! Who would've thought we'd have such a connection!"

Vivienne was at a loss for words.

Griffin massaged her temples, "Could you not describe it like that? It sounds like you're bad-mouthing Vivienne."

"How could I possibly insult Vivienne? That would be like betraying my own mentor," Charlotte chuckled, wrapping her arms around Vivienne. "Come on, let's go paint the town red. Next time, we'll bring Faye along. I've missed her terribly!"

Vivienne gently pushed Charlotte away, "Not today. I've got dinner plans with my aunt."

That was when Ashley caught on, pointing an accusatory finger at Charlotte, "I was wondering how you took my place. Clearly, it was all thanks to Vivienne's meddling. Vivienne, how do you have the nerve to say you care about our family?"

Chapter 477

Ashley's outburst had left Vivienne speechless.

Took her place?

Rolling up her sleeves with a dramatic flourish, Charlotte slapped Ashley's hand away and planted her

hands on her hips, glaring down at her. "Who are you pointing fingers at, huh? Think you're some kind of big shot? I'm the one who's earned the right to speak on behalf of the whole school because I aced every single subject, not you!"

"You think you could've taken my spot without Vivienne's help? Dream on!" Ashley spat back, her pride bruised.

To Ashley's surprise, Charlotte did not retort. "You're right. Without Vivienne's support, I wouldn't have even gotten into the defense academy."

Then, Charlotte gave Ashley a piercing look, then asked Vivienne, "Vivienne, who is she to you?"

Vivienne gave Ashley a once-over. "She's my cousin on my aunt's side."

"I see." Charlotte caught sight of the bewildered Brooks family lingering in the background. She clapped her hands theatrically. "Well, I won't intrude on your little family dinner then. Be sure to hit me up when you're free, okay? I'll let Faye know, deal?"

"Sure." Vivienne nodded.

Griffin, who had been quietly observing, gently tugged Charlotte away, giving Vivienne a knowing wink

as if she had much to say.

Arm in arm, they left, with Charlotte tossing over Griffin's shoulder, "You can't let a man walk all over you!"

Vivienne's lips curled into a smirk. So, Charlotte was the mastermind behind Griffin's antics towards Leopold.

Tsk, tsk.

Her little protégé was in for a rough ride.

Ashley kept staring at Vivienne as if she was the villain of the century.

Vivienne just shot her a glance and turned to Melissa. "Aunt Melissa, about the dinner..."

"We'll continue," Melissa said, visibly annoyed with her daughter. "Ashley, you can leave if you're not eating. It's like all those years of raising you were for nothing. You're so unreasonable!"

With that, Melissa ushered Vivienne back to the private dining room.

Percival, the ever-silent observer, was more than willing to keep the peace for Vivienne's sake.

Kala cast a reproachful look at Ashley before following the others inside.

Left alone, Darren tried to soothe his sister, fixing her messy hair. "Ashley, dear, Vivienne hasn't

wronged you, you know. They've only just met, and your grudge is baseless. You blame her for our grandparents' and uncle's misfortune, but think about it—weren't they responsible for their own fates?"

He ruffled her hair affectionately. "I know you're jealous, but once I start making good money, I'll buy you all the finest things in the world, and you'll have someone who adores you, sweetheart."

Ashley wiped her tears and stormed off.

Darren didn't chase after her; instead, he returned to the dining room to finish the meal with the rest.

After dinner, Carl invited Vivienne to watch the next day's race.

Vivienne accepted with a nod.

It had been a while since she had been to a race, and with Charlotte free for a few days, it was the perfect opportunity to invite her along.

...

On race day, Griffin showed up too, and Charlotte was dressed to impress in a chic racing outfit, her hair pulled back into a sleek ponytail, exuding a sporty elegance as if she was one of the racers.

"You really dressed the part." Vivienne chuckled.

"Of course, I even brought snacks to set the mood!" Charlotte replied with a grin.

They settled in the VIP seats arranged by Carl, with a prime view of the start and finish line and a large screen to watch the race unfold.

Carl waved at Vivienne from a distance, with a still-irritated Ashley by his side.

Charlotte clicked her tongue. "Some people just can't let go. She's everywhere."

Vivienne was not bothered. Ashley's attitude towards her didn't affect how she treated the Edwards family.

Carl gave a few more waves before slipping into his race car, Ashley putting on the helmet that Percival had given Carl only the day before.

Ashley might not like Vivienne, but she was not above using her gifts.

The race was about to begin. Carl's car was positioned on the outer track in third place. At the drop of the flag, seven cars roared off the line amid a crescendo of engines and gasps from the crowd.

Vivienne furrowed her brow, a hint of unease crossing her features.

Charlotte and Griffin were lost in the thrill of the race, cheering wildly.

Only Percival noticed Vivienne's disquiet. He grasped her hand, asking softly, "What's wrong,

Vivienne?"

She bit her lip. "One of those seven cars—the engine sounded off. I'm not sure if it was Carl's."

"Sounded off?" Percival's expression darkened as he peered at the speeding cars.

"Yes." Vivienne watched the screen intently, her expression grave.

Carl was showing impressive skill, quickly catching up from behind. They were too late to stop the race now; all Vivienne could do was watch closely.

Fortunately, there were pit stops along the route where drivers could pull over for quick inspections, safeguarding their well-being.

Carl breezed through the first pit stop in the lead, the pit crew giving the all-clear before he accelerated away.

But at the second pit stop, Carl zoomed past without stopping. Something was definitely amiss.

Pulling into the pit stop was second nature for Carl, a seasoned racer who had been around the track more times than he could count. He knew the drill, especially on these winding mountain circuits. You had to pull over at the pit stop, and given that he was in the lead, there was no way he would just zip

past it.

Something felt off to Vivienne. With a firm push, she made sure Charlotte hit the deck. "I need you to keep an eye on car number three. The moment it hits a pit stop, you let me know, got it?"

Though clueless about what was unfolding, Charlotte caught the gravity in Vivienne's tone and briskly nodded, not wasting time with questions.

Leaving the stands with Percival, Vivienne made a beeline for the race organizers. Some of them recognized her and had also noticed Carl's unusual behavior. Without hesitation, they handed over the keys to the rescue vehicle.

Back on the track, Carl slammed on the brakes, but there was no response.

Ashley was freaking out. "What's happening? It was fine just a moment ago!"

"How the hell should I know!" Carl was supposed to stop at the pit, but the car just would not slow down!

Ashley's gaze shot forward, taking in the looming mountain wall, and with eyes clenched shut, she screamed, "Oh God, somebody, help us!"

Chapter 478

Carl's car, number three, failed to navigate the bend; instead, it careened straight towards the

mountain. The front end smashed against the guardrail with a sickening crunch, the wheels lifted off the ground, and the car somersaulted backward, tumbling off the cliff edge!

In the VIP section, Charlotte clutched her phone, shouting to Vivienne, “Oh no, car number three has gone off at turn three in the second section!”

Vivienne's brow furrowed with concern—trouble was indeed brewing!

Spectators gasped and murmured, wondering how Carl could have crashed. The paramedics were dispatched in a flurry of urgency.

But this was a cliff side, not an easy place to search. If the car was found at all, the driver was surely a goner.

Vivienne sped past the other racers in her rescue vehicle like a whirlwind.

The competitors, still engrossed in the race, were oblivious to Carl's fate and the identity of this extremely quick rescuer.

A rescue vehicle might not pack the same punch as their race cars, but Vivienne's driving made it seem otherwise!

Inside, Percival gripped the handle, eyes scanning for the location beacon.

"Vivienne, ahead!" He called out.

Vivienne acknowledged and quickly parked the vehicle in a spot that would not obstruct the others, and

both she and Percival leaped out.

The place where Carl's car had plummeted was a steep, rugged terrain, a mix of weeds and rocks.

Looking down from the cliff, there was no trace of the car—just a dent in the guardrail, not a scrap of debris in sight.

The paramedics had not arrived yet. Percival removed his jacket and tied it to Vivienne's, knotting a sleeve around the guardrail. Holding Vivienne's waist, he said, "Hold on tight, Vivienne."

She nodded, wrapped her arms around Percival's waist, and leaped off the cliff together, sliding down the makeshift rope.

The crowd in the stands rose to their feet.

Were these two out of their minds?

It was a sheer drop, and they jumped without knowing what awaited below?

Percival and Vivienne vanished from the public eye. Up in the VIP area, Griffin was pacing anxiously,

dialing Leopold to relay the unfolding drama.

“What? Vivienne and Percival jumped off a cliff? Surely they're not in some sort of lovers' pact?”

Leopold exclaimed.

Frustrated to the point of nearly cursing, Griffin shouted, “Lovers' pact, my foot! There's been an accident. Get over here, now!”

“Alright, I'm on my way. Don't panic. They'll be fine,” Leopold said before hanging up.

Meanwhile, Vivienne and Percival had landed safely on the mountainside.

Despite the steep, treacherous rocks and weeds, they found a path.

Still carrying Vivienne's jacket, Percival untied it and suggested, “Head west. The car rolled down; no debris means it's still intact and didn't crash to a stop. According to the trajectory, it should be to the west.”

Vivienne agreed; she had come to the same conclusion during their descent.

Draping Vivienne's jacket over her shoulders, Percival guided her westward.

Soon enough, they stumbled upon fragments from car number three.

Vivienne inspected a piece—it was part of the hood. The car itself seemed relatively undamaged.

They pushed forward, finding more debris and shattered glass, until they came upon the overturned car at the bottom of the cliff.

Carl and Ashley were unconscious, blood seeping from their helmets.

Vivienne and Percival worked quickly to flip the car and extract Carl and Ashley.

“Help... please...” Ashley's faint plea pierced the silence; she was still conscious, weakly flailing her arms, refusing to surrender to unconsciousness.

Vivienne grasped her hand and reassured. “I'm here; you're not going to die.”

Ashley seemed to understand and then passed out.

Percival removed their helmets, which only had minor scratches. Clearly, their heads were not damaged.

Thanks to Carl shielding Ashley with his body and the protective gear, Ashley's upper body did not suffer from any serious internal injury. However, her legs were broken and twisted at impossible angles.

Carl's situation was even worse. When the car fell, a rock pierced into his spine, causing him to suffer from fracturing all over his body.

Vivienne administered a life-saving pill to each of them, halting internal bleeding. She then set Ashley's twisted legs straight.

Percival raised an eyebrow, "Just like that?"

"Yes!" Vivienne, skilled in modern and traditional medicine, found setting bones a trivial task.

She also applied acupuncture to Carl's spine, grateful the injury was not deep enough to affect his nerves or future mobility.

They were lucky the car had flipped in the air and Percival's helmet had provided extra protection; otherwise, the outcome would have been fatal.

Vivienne's expression darkened. After administering first aid, she examined the race car.

"It was sabotage. The brakes and the steering wheel malfunctioned—someone wanted Carl dead!"

A chill of fury passed over Vivienne's face. Disregarding the Brooks family ties, Carl was like her protégé.

Someone had brazenly attempted murder right under her watch—they were courting death!

The emergency team finally arrived. Thankfully, Vivienne and Percival had left a signal; otherwise, the

search would have lasted much longer.

"How on earth are we going to get them back up this steep path?" The paramedic captain was perplexed.

Percival pointed upwards. "Someone's got your back."

Their eyes shot skyward, and there they saw Leopold dangling from a helicopter, one foot firmly planted on the skid, half his body leaning out, waving frantically at Vivienne and Percival.

"Vivienne! Percival! Hang tight; I'm coming!"

Leopold, with a smug grin. "Pretty clever, right? Knew you'd need a helicopter!"

Vivienne and Percival exchanged a look. "We don't know who that show-off is..."

The helicopter hovered just inches off the ground, and Leopold leaped down, "Vivienne, you alright?"

"I'm fine. Get those two to the hospital, then help me investigate something," Vivienne said, nodding towards the two figures lying on the ground.

After loading the injured onto the helicopter, Leopold sidled up to Vivienne. "What do you need, Vivienne?"

Vivienne's icy gaze followed the race car being towed away before grabbing Leopold by the collar.

"Everyone close to Carl, plus the engineer at the first pit-stop—I want their entire life story back to their great-great-grandpappy!"

She was determined to uncover the identity of the person who had tried to take Carl's life!

Chapter 479

In the hospital, Carl was still in surgery, his condition more severe than Ashley's, who was the first to regain consciousness.

The entire Brooks family had rushed to the hospital, relieved to see Ashley's eyes flutter open.

Melissa was beside herself with tears. "You scared the life out of me, Ashley! If something happened to you, how on earth could I face your father?"

Ashley, still too weak to speak, glanced around the room, her eyes searching for Vivienne, who was not there.

Darren seemed to grasp what she was looking for and leaned in to whisper, "Ashley, Vivienne's still in surgery with Carl. She'll be here as soon as it's over."

Ashley breathed a sigh of relief. Her gaze then shifted back to her mother, her eyes brimming with tears.

Kala chimed in, "Don't cry now, Ashley. Vivienne said you've got a scrape on your face, and tears won't help it heal. You don't want to ruin that pretty face of yours, so be good, won't you?"

Ronald also tried to comfort Melissa, "Aunt, no need to cry. Didn't Vivienne say that Ashley and Carl are out of danger? They'll be up and about in a few days. You crying like this will only have them worrying about you when they wake up."

"Alright, alright, I'll stop." Melissa managed, dabbing at her eyes. She took her daughter's hand. "If it weren't for Vivienne, you and Carl would've been goners. Charlotte told me how Vivienne and Percival braved a cliff jump to save you two. Terrifying, I tell you."

Ashley pressed her lips together, wanting to say something but feeling too drained. She soon drifted back to sleep.

When she woke again, most of the machines had been removed, but her legs were still numb, and she was still in recovery. Vivienne had made sure she stayed put to avoid injuring herself further.

Carl, too, had been brought out of the operating room, awaiting consciousness. Ashley found her voice again.

"Mom, where's Vivienne?" She asked.

She remembered that just before she had passed out, it was Vivienne who had grasped her hand and promised, "I'm here; you're not going to die."

Just then, Vivienne entered the room with her usual detached tone, as if speaking to a typical patient.

"Awake now? You'll be bedridden for a month, and then it's rehab for you. Your legs took a bad hit; getting back on them will take some training."

Ashley bit her lower lip, staring deeply at Vivienne, before finally mustering the strength to speak, "After everything I've done to you, why did you still save me? Shouldn't you be happy to laugh at me?"

Vivienne simply replied, "To laugh at you, you'd need to be alive."

Ashley could not help but laugh and then quickly composed herself. "I was wrong before. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have doubted your intentions. You've never been cruel. Mom's right; you've always had your reasons.

I don't expect forgiveness; I just want you to know I won't blame you anymore. I was jealous because the family treated you so well. Now I see you deserve it."

Exhausted from her confession, Ashley took a deep breath, feeling a bit more at ease.

Vivienne nodded. "Okay, I got it."

Ashley was not a bad person, just prone to envy.

"Aunt Melissa, I have to go," Vivienne told Melissa.

"Thank you, Vivienne, for all your help with Mr. Ellington," Melissa replied.

"We're family," Vivienne stated simply, squeezing Melissa's hand before leaving the room.

Percival was waiting outside, and they walked out of the hospital together, only to run into Fiona in her wheelchair, accompanied by a new face.

"What a coincidence to see you here," Fiona said with a faint smile, though her tone was indifferent.

Percival's eyes were cold. "It's no coincidence. This is my hospital."

Fiona feigned realization, "Oh, right. How could I forget? The Ellington family is all yours now."

Then, turning to the woman with her, "Sienna, this is the Percival I told you about. Make sure to greet them properly when you see them."

The woman, a bit shy, introduced herself to Percival and Vivienne, "I'm Sienna, Ms. Fiona's personal physician. Nice to meet you both."

Then, she extended her hand toward Vivienne and Percival.

Out of courtesy, Percival shook her hand, and Vivienne did the same, albeit briefly.

However, Vivienne felt something odd about Sienna's skin during their handshake.

Sienna quickly withdrew her hand, "I have to take Ms. Fiona for a check-up. Until next time."

"Until next time," Vivienne replied, her lips curving into a smile.

Sienna pushed Fiona's wheelchair into the elevator while Percival and Vivienne got into their car.

Vivienne looked at her fingertip, particularly at the print of her index finger. "Mr. Wolf, what do you think

will happen next?"

Percival's lips curled slightly, "Just some clowns jumping around. They're not worth our time."

Vivienne grinned, "You're right!"

In the elevator, Fiona massaged her temples, "Did you get it?"

"Got it." Sienna peeled off a skin-like adhesive from her palm, revealing the clear print of Vivienne's index finger.

Fiona nodded, satisfied, "I thought seeing Percival might unsettle you, Calista."

Sienna, or rather, the surgically transformed Calista, half-smiled, a look of hatred and jealousy in her

eyes, said, "I have no desire to marry Percival anymore."

Fiona looked intrigued. "Oh? What do you want to do then?"

"I want to kill them!"

Calista's grip on Fiona's wheelchair was white-knuckled, her fingertips blanched from the force of her

hold. She bit down hard on her lip, the sharpness of her teeth almost breaking the skin.

Memories of her bones being shattered by ruthless punches cascaded through her mind, followed by

the agony of being pumped full of drugs to hasten her recovery.

All this pain, all this suffering, it was because of Vivienne and Percival!

Without them, she would not be in this wretched state!

Fiona smirked in the shadows, turning Vivienne's fingerprint over in her hands and examining it with

meticulous care.

"Oh, Vivienne, just you wait for your demise."

Meanwhile, in the car, Vivienne received a text from Leopold.

[Vivienne, I've checked everyone close to Carl—no issues. But that engineer, you know, a few days

back, his wife's aunt's step-nephew's god-sister, the one he's been fooling around with, she got a hefty sum dumped into her account. The source? CK!]

Vivienne's brow furrowed. Why would CK want Carl dead?

They were worlds apart, not even remotely connected.

Chapter 480

Carl hadn't stirred from his coma yet. The car crash hadn't damaged his nerves, but it had plunged him into a deep unconsciousness. Having undergone surgery from Vivienne, he was still out cold, waiting for the anesthesia to wear off.

No one could get a word out of Carl about the incident until he awoke.

Percival received a call from Richard, urging them to hurry back home.

The reckless stunt that Vivienne and Percival pulled at the racetrack, leaping off a cliff, had gone viral through various videos online. Despite Percival's orders to take them down, Richard got wind of the incident.

They soon arrived at Ellington Mansion, and Cecilia was the first to greet them, clutching Vivienne's hand anxiously. "Vivienne, are you alright?" Cecilia circled around Vivienne, ensuring she was unharmed before she could finally relax.

Before Vivienne could utter a word, Cecilia smacked Percival on the shoulder. "You reckless boy, how could you do something so dangerous? Go explain yourself to your grandfather! Vivienne, let's go inside."

With that, Cecilia led Vivienne into the house, leaving a puzzled Percival behind.

What exactly was he supposed to explain?

Inside, Richard inspected Vivienne just like Cecilia had and, once assured, turned his gaze to Percival.

Brandishing his cane, he gave Percival a few good thumps. "You foolhardy child! If you want to jump off a cliff, do it alone! Why drag our Vivienne into your mess?"

So, that was what needed explaining.

And it hit Percival hard. He could risk his life, but not the precious granddaughter-in-law of the Ellington family.

"Vivienne won't be in danger as long as I'm around," Percival managed to say, his pride not allowing him to say less. After all, how could he be worthy of Vivienne if he could not even protect her?

"Hmph, it's because Vivienne was there that you're safe. Don't flatter yourself!" Richard scoffed before

turning his attention back to Vivienne with warm concern.

Resigned, Percival rubbed his forehead but said no more.

Vivienne sat nearby, raising an eyebrow at him.

Percival settled in the corner of the couch and watched the scene contentedly.

It was not long before Flynn and Imogen arrived, looking like they had just come from the office.

Upon seeing Percival lounging with a fruit platter, Flynn frowned. "I'm swamped at work, and here you are, the chairman, living the life. Maybe I'll take a day off tomorrow, take Imogen out for some fun."

"Granted," Percival replied casually.

"You little..." Flynn strode over and ruffled Percival's hair playfully.

It was clear that apart from Vivienne, Flynn was one of the few people who could mess around with Percival like that.

Vivienne observed quietly, her cool gaze capturing the two men while a spotlight cast half her face in shadow, leaving her thoughts inscrutable.

Imogen sat down beside Vivienne, her smile sweet and filled with a gentle warmth. "It's such a blessing to have a family."

Vivienne turned her gaze to Imogen, whom Matthew had thoroughly researched, and the information forwarded to her. Everyone who came into their circle was subject to scrutiny.

Imogen was an orphan whose parents had died in an accident. Seen as a burden by her relatives, she grew up in an orphanage with a somber and solitary character, which meant she was never adopted.

She earned a scholarship to study abroad, which softened her disposition. And after starting a relationship with Flynn, she became even more cheerful, blossoming into the person before them.

But Vivienne shifted her focus away from Imogen, idly spinning a ring representing her identity as the young master of the Nine Mystics Society on her finger, her lips curling into an almost imperceptible smile.

Seeing the family gathered, Richard decided to call Fiona and Kenneth home for a family dinner.

Fiona arrived with Calista, now Sienna, who carried Fiona's latest medical report.

"Fiona, what did the doctor say?" Flynn asked with concern.

Fiona smiled. "It's nothing serious, Uncle Flynn. Just need to keep up with the medicine and check-ups."

"That's a relief. Take care of yourself, don't worry your grandfather," Flynn said, patting Fiona's head with genuine tenderness, a stark contrast to his playful scuffle with Percival.

Fiona nodded, her gaze drifting toward Vivienne, who sat beside Richard. Their eyes met briefly, a silent exchange passing between them before they both looked away.

Calista seemed a bit tense during the family dinner, constantly attending to Fiona. In a clumsy moment, she spilled soup all over her dress.

"Sienna, you should go to my old room, the second door on the left. There are some clothes there you can change into," Fiona suggested.

"Sorry, everyone, I'll be right back," Calista apologized before excusing herself to change.

The minor mishap didn't dampen the dinner's spirit, and when Calista returned, a glimpse of a tattoo peeked out from beneath the strap of her dress.

Vivienne squinted, catching just the briefest glimpse of the design, but it was enough for her to infer the full tattoo.

A tiger's head.

The appearance of someone with a tiger head tattoo in Fiona's circle was indeed intriguing.

Calista tugged her shirt up slightly, then slipped into the jacket she had casually draped over her chair

as if she was deliberately hiding something. "This shirt feels a bit loose on me."

"You're just too slim. Eat up," Fiona urged, passing Calista a plate of perfectly sliced steak.

Calista offered a polite smile and silently began to eat.

Vivienne and Percival exchanged a knowing look, neither saying a word.

But their eyes were dancing with mockery.